saturday, 9:03 am by BeggarWhoRides

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Summary:

Steve opens his eyes to a faceful of Nancy's hair, turned amber-gold where the sunlight hits it. On her other side, Jonathan snores softly, one long arm slung over Nancy's waist so his hand rests on Steve's hip.

A little slice of domestic fluff with everyone's favorite demagorgon-fighting ot3.

saturday, 9:03 am

Author's Note:

> Warnings for: implied sex and nudity (nothing explicit), descriptions of cooking and food.
>
> It's finals week, I am exhausted emotionally and physically, here is the most fluffy and tooth-rotting thing I have ever written.

Steve opens his eyes to a faceful of Nancy's hair, turned amber-gold where the sunlight hits it. On her other side, Jonathan snores softly, one long arm slung over Nancy's waist so his hand rests on Steve's hip. It's not clinging, it's not possessive, it's just...there. Steady. Patient, like Jonathan himself. Even sleep doesn't change that about him.

Nancy's different in her sleep, little creases in her forehead smoothed out, peaceful in a way she doesn't get to be most of the time. Her back is to Steve, a beautiful pale expanse of skin. She's so vulnerable like this, bare and small between the two of them, and she's never been more gorgeous.

Steve presses a kiss to her shoulder--she half-murmurs before settling back into sleep--and eases himself out from Jonathan's hand as carefully as possible. He's so much easier to wake than Nancy, but there's only a stutter in his snores before they start up again. Steve pulls on a pair of sweatpants, not bothering with anything else as he slips out of his bedroom and down to the kitchen.

It snowed the night before. The ground outside blazes, reflecting sunlight off the brilliant and unmarred whiteness. Steve gives himself a moment to look out--the purity and simplicity of it all, so stark against the chaos of just a few months ago. Nancy would have something smart, even poetic, to say about it. Jonathan would probably be reaching for his camera. Steve, he just looks, and breathes, and puts the coffee on.

He's just put bread in the toaster when there's footsteps behind him.

Jonathan, still sleep-mussed, in a t-shirt and boxers, smiles at him from the doorway. Steve smiles back.

“Morning.”

“Morning. Eggs okay?”

“Yeah. I’ll make bacon.” Jonathan runs a hand through his hair and muffles a yawn before reaching out. Steve takes the hand and lets himself be pulled away from the stove and into Jonathan’s arms, tilts his head down just a little to kiss him.

“Good morning.”

“It is now.”

“Dork,” Jonathan says, but he’s smiling with just a tiny flush on his cheeks as he turns to the fridge. He knows where everything in Steve’s fridge is, and Steve won’t admit to anyone how wonderful he thinks that is. Instead he just nods his thanks when Jonathan passes him the eggs, and puts two pans on the stovetop.

It’s nice, cooking with their shoulders brushing, butter popping in Steve’s pan, bacon sizzling in Jonathan’s. They don’t talk, and they don’t have to. Every now and then, they’ll lean into each other. *You’re still here,* they say. *I’m still here.*

Steve pulls three plates out of one of the cabinet and cracks an egg into the pan. Over hard for Nancy, over easy for him, scrambled for Jonathan. He doesn’t have to ask anymore.

A tiny yawn makes them both turn around. Nancy’s in the doorway, swimming in one of Steve’s bathrobes, her hair unbrushed and a mock pout on her face.

“I woke up all alone.”

“Not our fault you sleep like the dead, is it?” Steve teases, only beaming when she aims a sleepy glare at him.

“Morning, Nancy,” Jonathan says.

“Morning.” She sandwiches herself in the small space between them and steals a kiss from each before wiggling away. She has to stand on her tiptoes to reach most of the things in Steve’s cupboard, and it’s adorable--Steve and Jonathan share a grin while she snags a mug and pours herself a cup of coffee. “Ooh, bacon.”

“Just a couple minutes more.” She smiles up at Jonathan before padding over to Steve’s side of the stove.

“Eggs too,” Steve adds. “You can’t survive on bacon alone.”

“Says you.” Nancy hoists herself onto the counter and pulls out a piece of toast, nibbling on a corner. “According to Mike, El survives on Eggos.”

“El has weirdo-psychic powers. It’s different.”

“Speaking of,” Jonathan puts in, “Will said something about a D&D campaign starting later today?”

“Those little shits blackmailed me into that, I’ll have you know.” Steve’s threatening tone was maybe undercut by the fact he was holding a spatula. “Plus, I wanted to be a barbarian, but they made me a bard.”

Nancy hums a little, looking Steve up and down. “I see it.”

“Me too.”

“Traitors, both of you,” Steve grumps, even as he plates the eggs. Jonathan adds bacon to the plates, then pours both him and Steve cups of coffee. “I’m not a bard, I’m a badass!”

“You tell yourself whatever you have to,” Jonathan says kindly, and Nancy snorts into her coffee.

“I hate you both,” Steve grumbles, passing Nancy her plate. She murmurs in thanks, toast dangling out of her mouth, and hops down from the counter. The three settle around the small kitchen table--there is a proper dining room, where all Harrington meals are held, but this table works for the three of them. Nancy sits at one end, Jonathan at the other, and Steve in the middle, all within arm’s reach

of each other. Just the way they like it.

“You don’t hate us,” Nancy says simply once they are seated. “You love us.”

“Yeah.” Both Nancy and Jonathan beam at him, and he beams back. Outside, it’s freezing, there are jobs and school applications and the aftermath of horrors that they’re still cleaning up. But inside, there are the three of them, and it’s bright and it’s warm, and it’s all Steve thinks he’ll ever need. “Yeah. I do.”

He steals a piece of Jonathan’s bacon and a bite of Nancy’s toast, and kisses away both their offended looks.

Author's Note:

> I never meant to be invested in these three. I have...no idea what happened.
>
> My brain put this together during a break in studying, and I hope you all enjoyed! Also, thank you a hundred times for the amazing response to my first-ever Stranger Things fic, *a triangle is the strongest shape*. I haven't had the time to respond individually to comments, but I want you all to know it means so, so incredibly much to me. You are all superstars.
>
> The holidays can be wonderful, and they can be stressful, so just know I am sending you all the best wishes! Be good to yourselves, lovelies, and thank you so very much for reading!
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